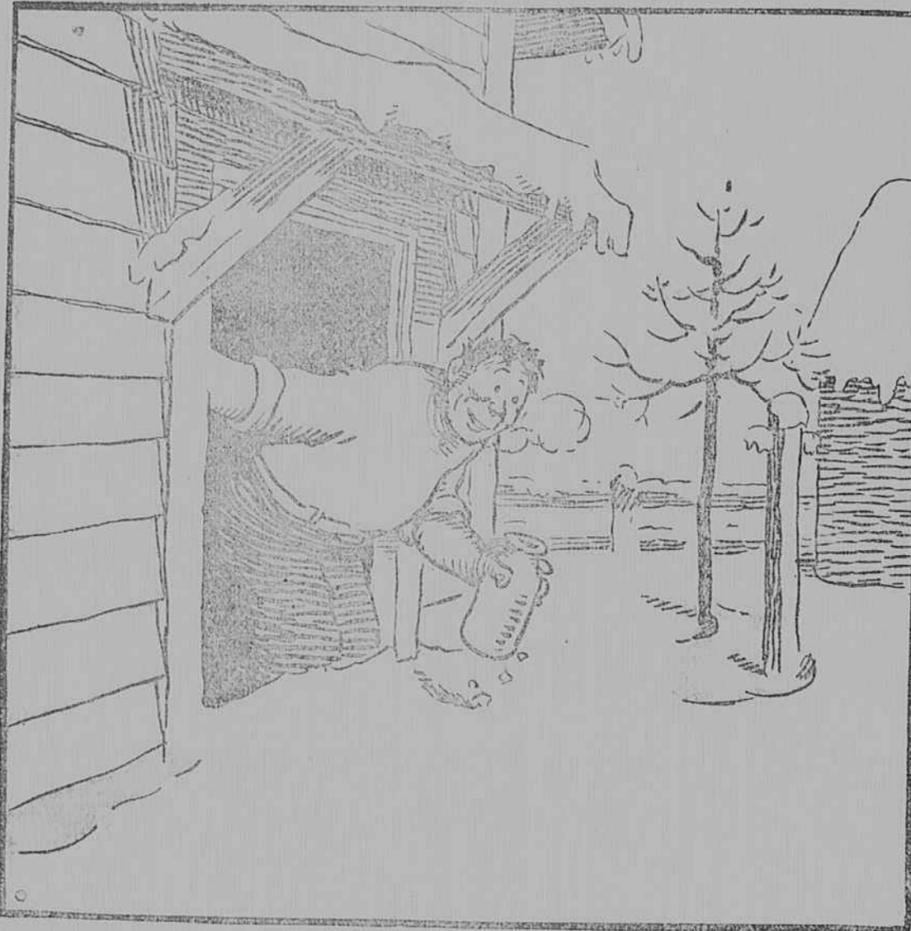


# MR. DOOLEY

# ON THE HOT WEATHER

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"What a beautiful spring mornin'. On'y a foot an' a half iv snow."

"O' Dock Fahrenheit is th' popylar fav'rite iv th' hour. His name is on all tongues."

MR. HENNESSY dropped heavily into a chair at Mr. Dooley's during the hot spell and fanned himself with his hat. "Dear me," said he, "it's blistered I am. It was ninety-eight in the shade at noon. Did ye ever see such hot weather before?"

"I did," said Mr. Dooley. "I see it last summer an' th' summer before an' ivry summer since I was that high. What ails ye anyhow to be so bothered by this bright an' shiny July day? There's no plazin' ye with th' weather. Ye complain iv th' cold in winter an' yet ye kick again th' heat in summer. An' there ain't anny spring an' fall except in th' books iv poetry. Hogan calls th' part iv the wurrull we're roostin' on f'r awhile th' Timprate Zone. But Hogan's lilee iv timprance an' mine is dif'rent. He thinks this zone is timprate, but if I was his frind I'd advise it to go down to Father Killy an' take th' pledge. Whin it indulges in anny kind iv a spree at all I notice that it's apt to overdo it an' become excessive an' riochous.

"But I don't mind it. It wudden't do me anny good if I did, so I don't. All I can say about th' weather is it's saisonable. I explected no better. Winter is winter an' summer is summer th' wurrull over. Me frind Detective Mulready, who took a pleasure thrip to Naples last year after a counterfeiter, tells me he was stiffened with th' cold in Janoary in that boochous city; an' Dan Dimpsey, that was a sailor man before he got his mind back, wanst got a sunstroke on th' shores iv Greenland. There's no way iv escapin' th' weather. People with plinty iv jingle in their clothes think they can bate it. They go to Floridy f'r th' winter, an' they've har'ly got used to th' chirp iv th' rattlesnake in the front yard before th' summer chases thim out again. An' they hurry back an' ar-re consultin' th' doctor f'r a cold on their chest whin paupers like ye an' me that stayed an' rassled with th' winter come out iv our houses sayin': 'What a beautiful spring mornin'. On'y a foot an' a half iv snow since midnight.'

"Th' on'y way to take th' weather is to face it an' injye it. An' th' on'y way to injye bad weather is to make th' worst iv it. Thry to encourage it to go as fur as it can. If it intinds to be hot I want it to be hot enough to talk about. If there's anything I hate in weather it's what Hogan calls meedyocerty. If it's cold I explect it to be so cold that old man Casey will sprain th' commandmint thryin' to remember whin it was colder. Whin it's hot I like to see it so hot that th' mercury boils through th' top iv th' thermom-eter; an' scalds th' onlookers. If it blows I hope f'r a hurrycane that will pull threes out by their roots an' dhrive sthreams into granite walls. If it rains I want enough juice to come out iv th' sky to make good boatin' in Ar-rely road. I wudden't give annything f'r wan iv thim luke-warm, namby-pamby days whin th' thermometer is larly foolin' around ninety. They're hot enough to kill but not hot enough to excite ye.

"It's human nature, Himissy, not to look f'r calamities, d'ye mind, but if they come to want thim complete. Ye wudden't start a fire, but aven't I heard ye give a sigh whin th' black smoke turned to white an' injine six was ordered back to th' house? Mauny a time have I see ye show disappointment whin ye found that an earthquake was not as bad as 'twas first reported to be.

"Th' smart lads that r-runs th' newspapers know this, an' whin th' weather livens up they thry it as a sportin' event an' make th' most iv it. Like ye'self, th' weather is on'y news whin it's bad an' goes off on a tear. As soon as it becomes troublesome it laves its usual place at th' lower left hand corner iv page eight alongside th' news iv Prisdint Taft an' hops into page wan with th' items about burglaries, railroad accidents, fires, an' other matters iv human intrhest. Ye never see a piece in th' pa-aper beginnin': 'Specyial extdry. Beautiful June day. Fresh breeze f'r'm lake. Iverybody happy.' But whin th' weather strikes up a gait it's worth payin'

attention to. I knew it was hot yesterdah f'r'm what th' thrade told me an' f'r'm th' refusal iv me shirt to lave me side f'r a minyit. But I didn't know how hot it really was till I picked up th' pa-aper this mornin' an' r-read: 'Horrible heat cooks swelterin' humanity. Counthry wan vast oven. Continent reels in clutch iv demon. No relief in sight. Hotter today. An unprecydicted hot wave swept over th' land yesterdah an' scorched, biled, fried, stewed, an' fricasseed ninety millyons iv people. Th' government thermometer, which is kept in an ice box by th' corrupt officyals, registered ninety-eight at 3 o'clock. But as usual whin annything is explected iv it this perjured an' debauched instrument was inaccurate. Th' officyal timprachoor iv th' officyal thermometer in th' steereotypin' room iv th' Daily Harp recorded wan hunderd an' forty-seven at th' same hour. Some iv th' most intrhestin' casualties iv th' day was as follows: Asa Skivetts, aged wan hunderd an' six, felt older, due to th' heat; unknown man, delectyrum thremens, attributed to th' heat; Hip Lung, shot in feud in Chinytown, attributed to th' heat; Ebenezer Mulvihill, iceman, fell undher cake iv ice, attributed to th' heat. We ar-re happy to announce that today promises to be aven more sunny thim yisterdah an' that as far as we can see this joyval weather will last until some time in December. Look out f'r new records. We ar-re offerin' two superb prizes f'r th' reader iv this pa-aper who will guess nearest to th' highest timprachoor recorded durin' this terrific sunburst. Th' lady makin' th' best shot will receive a pair iv curlin' irons an' th' gentleman a chafin' dish.'

"I don't know what I'd do without th' pa-apers durin' th' hot weather. Yisterdah I looked on th' weather as a personal matter. Today I regard it as a gr-reat naytional spoortin' evint. Yisterdah whin ye said, 'It's hot,' I felt as though ye were intrudin' on me private affairs. Today I have no intrhest in th' matter beyond wantin' to see a new record established. Me civic pride is aroused. Good old Chicago, home iv me youth an' more machoor years! Proud sintro iv th' dhrainage canal! Ye done noble. Ye were a degree an' a half hotter thim New York an' almost as cosey as Saint Looey. I wonder whin ye bate thim all out tomorrah. It's with me fondest hopes that I'll look for'ard to seein' Chicago in th' proud position iv head iv th' cookin' class before this compyition is over. It wud have a fine chance but f'r th' interference iv thim blundhrin' breezes f'r'm th' lake.

"Ar-re ye still oncomfortable? Come out an' look at th' thermomyter. There's a foolish fellow advises people not to look at th' thermomyter in hot weather. He don't know what he's talkin' about. Ye don't see people lookin' at th' baseball scoores these days. They're all gathered around th' thermomyter, ready to cheer if it goes up. O' Dock Fahrenheit is th' popylar fav'rite iv th' hour. In ivry part iv this gr-reat city today his name is on all tongues. Fathers ar-re sayin' to their sons, 'Jawanny, run down to th'

corner an' see what th' timprachoor is an' hurry back.' An' whin Jawanny tears into th' room an' cries, 'Father, it's a hunderd an' wan,' th' ol' man yells, 'Mother, did ye hear that? A hunderd an' wan. That'll bust th' record wide open,' he says. An' whin he reads in th' pa-aper tomorrah that it was only ninety-nine he'll blame it on Taft. I'm wan iv th' forehnit few that's able to keep a private thermomyter, but iv coorse in hot weather like this I'm glad to have me frinds look at it. Ye're welcome to use it anny time ye like. It's a good, sarviceable thermomyter, rangin' about iliven degrees above th' officyal wan, although iv coorse it ain't anny geyzer like th' glass in front iv th' dhrug store. I don't know why th' dhrug store thermomyters ar-re so much more lively thim anny others unless they're hooked up in some way with th' sody wather fountain. P'raps th' mercury in thim is charged.

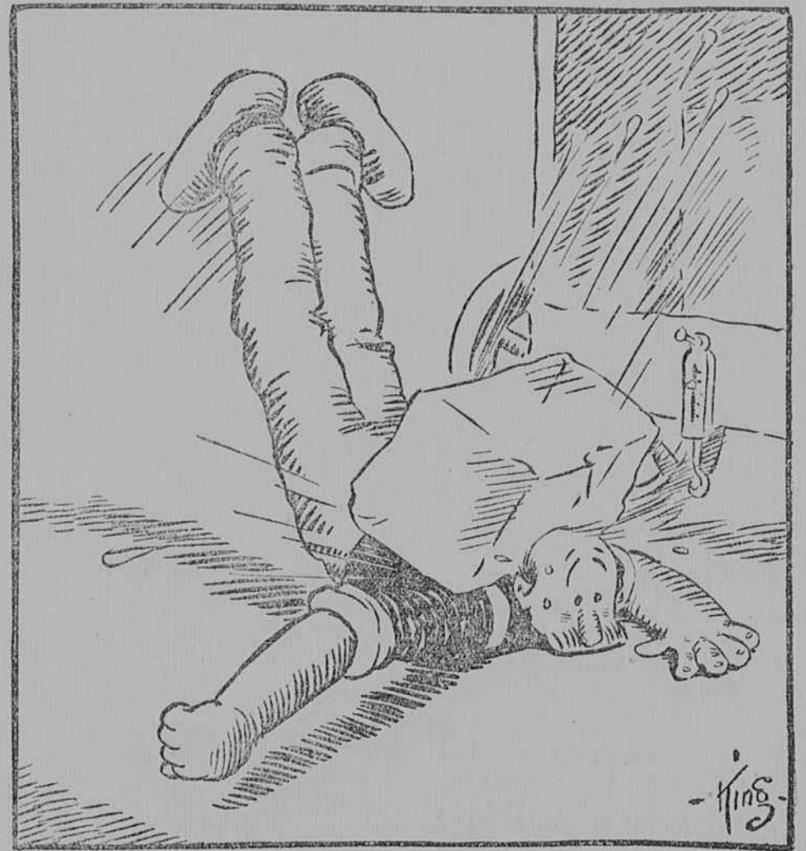
"Don't ye feel anny better yet? Thim ye've been neglectin' th' rules f'r presarvin' th' health published today. Ivery year pa-apers call upon

larned doctors to advise th' public how to keep out iv th' hospitals in hot weather. It's good advice an' ye ought to follow it. 'Wear on'y light silk undherclothes an' white duck suits,' says th' dock. Ye haven't done that, I see at a glance. 'Dhrink plinty iv coolin' dhrinks without anny kick in thim.' I'll sind out f'r some. 'Take a cold bath ivry hour. Lay in a hammock an' have ye'er valet fan ye. Don't worry. If th' grocer refuses to be stood off anny longer, laugh at him. Th' less ye ate th' better anyhow. Above all things, do no wurruk iv anny kind. An' if ye feel th' chill passin' off sind f'r me.' I see, Himissy, that ye've neglected all thim precautions. No wonder ye're hot. But never mind. Have a peek at th' thermomyter an' be cheerfull. Sufferin' in hot weather is on'y imaginary anyhow. Look at me. I never was more comfortable. Hey! What was that? Thunder, be all that's glorious. It's goin' to rain. I wonder how long 'twill be before it's here. Let's—let's go out an' meet it."

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